

The World.

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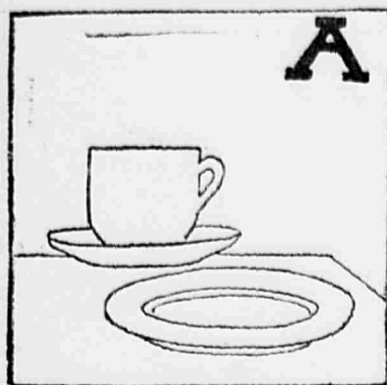
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## "AMERICAN WORKINGMEN."



DOZEN Poles and Huns have been shot near the pottery and clay works between Perth Amboy and New Brunswick. If they keep on rioting more of them will be shot. The National Guard of New Jersey has been called out; there are sheriffs and deputies on the ground, and these ignorant foreigners must be taught that of all the United States New Jersey at least is a place where law and order reign.

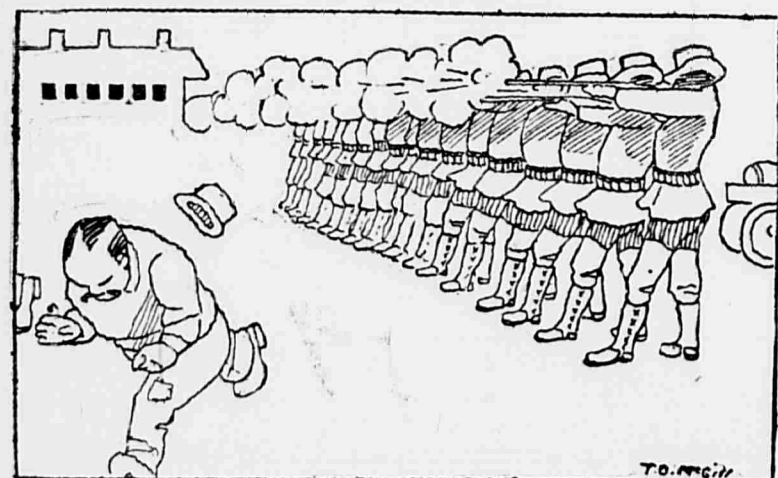
This news follows the appeal of the pottery manufacturers for more protection. The pottery industry is already highly protected by a 60 to 70 per cent. tariff, which prevents the importation of cheap foreign pottery and enables the pottery trust to charge more.

The protected workingmen for whose high wages everybody in the United States pays more for dishes, cups and saucers have been receiving from 90 cents to \$1.15 a ten-hour day. They had been told that when Mr. Taft was elected prosperity would come and their wages would be raised to \$1.50 a day. When Taft was elected and their wages were not raised they struck.

One of the men threw a half brick, which hit Mayor Bell-schwiler on the head. In the riot that followed these "American workingmen" were shot:

John Safia.  
Joseph Sebok.  
Andrew Callaji.  
George Kobosowicz.  
Joseph Locatatus.  
John Sosian.

None of these "American workingmen" could speak English. The few of them who had been "American workingmen" long enough to be naturalized voted for Taft, prosperity, a higher tariff on pottery and an increase in wages which they did not get.

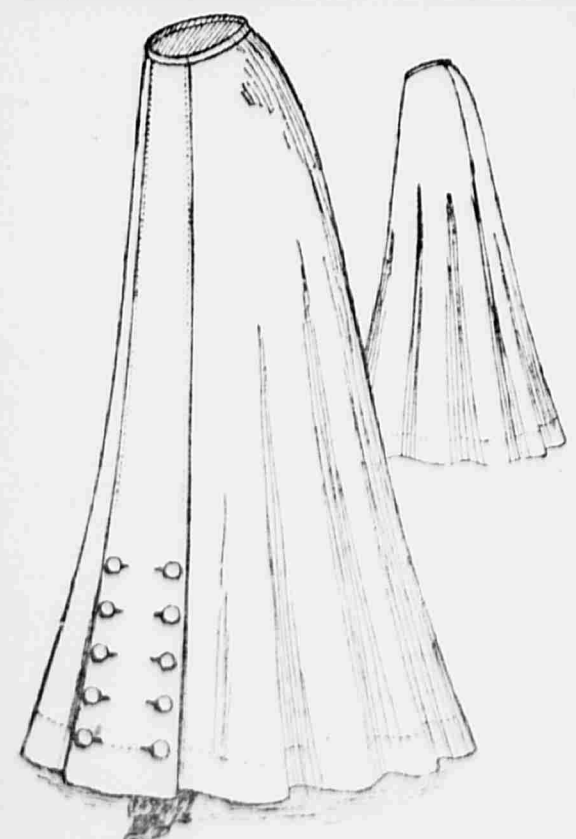


There are many American workingmen in the United States who were either born here or have been here long enough to be naturalized and vote. How many of these would work for 90 cents to \$1.15 a day? In what industry which is not protected by the tariff, such as the building trades, the printing trades, the great field of agriculture, are the wages of a man working ten hours a day 90 cents to \$1.15?

What do the many millions of real American workingmen think of having the cost of their plates, cups and saucers raised still higher than the profits of the pottery trust may be further increased?

As between importing free the labor of 90-cent men and the importing free of the 90-cent men themselves, the average American would prefer to buy his dishes, cups and saucers cheaper and let John Safia, Joseph Sebok, Andrew Callaji, George Kobosowicz, Joseph Locatatus and John Sosian stay at home and work cheap there.

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.



WHATEVER tends to give an effect of height and slenderness to the figure is in demand at the present moment, and this skirt can be trusted to bring about the desired result, while it is graceful and attractive and by no means exaggerated in style. The circular side and back portions take exceedingly graceful folds, yet are perfectly smooth over the hips, and the narrow front adds much to the distinction of the skirt, while it allows effective use of the fashionable buttons. In the illustration a calico colored broadcloth is trimmed with buttons covered with heavy silk of the same color and with simulated buttonholes, but all suitings and all working materials are appropriate.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 5 yards 24 or 25, 4-14 yards 44 or 46 inches wide.

Pattern No. 6169 is cut in sizes for a 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 115 East Twenty-third Street, New York. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

## The New York Girl---No. 7

By Maurice Ketten.



THE BOWERY GIRL

## The Chorus Girl Misses Her Dear Old Home, And Hopes She'll Keep Right on Missing It

By Roy L. McCardell.

"YEP, I'm sleepy, kid," said the Chorus Girl. "I didn't get to bed last night till 10 o'clock this morning, having stayed up all night."

"Louis Zinsheimer and Able Wogglebaum partook of our hospitality, at their own expense, after we came home from an Italian noodle parlor, one of them Bohemian places."

"While we was in Bohemia Mickey Donothing recited 'Mahoney's Fenian Cat,' and Able Wogglebaum was called upon to give them 'The Face on the Barroom Floor.' But the Ginney lady that run the place kicked because she's selling wines and cigars without the formality of an excise permit, and she was afraid some passing flatie might hear her words."

"Give me that piece of chalk that you mark the baseball score, and I'll draw the face of lovely Nell, here on the barroom floor!"

"She said nix on that because they might think she was running a barroom. The last time that was recited in her place two old rummies came in and asked for aquarums—that's them big fishbowl glasses of beer. Her husband, who's the care-free business man that run the ready-made clothing studios away, they say that them newspaper men and writers and artists sit around and talk shop, and it cramps the real Bohemians' style."

"Dopey McKnight showed up wearing a Bryan button as a necktie. Dopey thinks he voted for Bryan. Well, somebody did! But Tommy, the blond cop, told us that Dopey went around, to the same undertaking shop where the polling place was last year, but this year it was in a real estate office. When Dopey got there the genial young assistant mortuary director was showing a new line of metal caskets, a fine line of Christmas gift novelties for expectant widows, and wouldn't bother with Dopey at all when he demanded to vote, but told him to beat it to the real estate office, which was the polling place this year."

"The real estate man owned a cemetery, and had a bigger pull with those in charge of the Bureau of Electors than the man who simply furnished the chef, had to hit them with a rolling-pin and throw them out and tell them if they came in again they'd be ejected."

"But it wasn't like the old days, Bohemia ain't what it used to be! There's a whole lot of artists and writers come there now just because the food is cheap and they won't recite or nothing. That's what crabs a Bohemian place, and keeps the care-free business men that run the ready-made clothing studios away. They say that them newspaper men and writers and artists sit around and talk shop, and it cramps the real Bohemians' style."

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## THE WEEK'S WASH



"LOOKS like the Public Service Commission has put over another great piece of public service," remarked the laundryman, "in discovering that the slot machines on the subway station platforms hinder traffic because people stop at them to buy gum and use the mirrors."

"Still," said the man who was getting his package, "the Public Service Commission has only scratched the surface of the situation in the subway. By close attention to details, such as the one you mention, the hard-working, conscientious commission will ultimately make riding in the subway a pleasure instead of participation in a tough house."

"For instance, great delay is caused by persons who have not the exact change when they purchase tickets. It might be well for the commission to issue an order requiring all who use the subway to approach the ticket window with nothing but nickels. This would expedite the movement of passengers to the platforms and so cut down the labor of the ticket sellers that the subway management could doubtless materially reduce the ticket selling force."

"GRIEVANCES ON SUBWAY PLATFORMS."

"A LSO, we have the news-stands on the subway platforms. People will persist in stopping at these news-stands and buying papers and magazines, thereby impeding the progress of others who have purchased their newspapers and magazines outside. No one should be allowed to stop

on a subway platform for anything but a train."

"Everybody ought to know by this time that the subway management is not responsible for the crowding in the subway. Too many people try to ride on the trains. Don't the guards continually admonish the people to step lively and move up forward in the car? But the people will not step lively and move up forward in the car, so the subway management is helpless."

"And now comes a taxpayer, who imagines he is public spirited, with an attempt to have the Public Service Commission declared unconstitutional. This misguided man forgets that the Public Service Commission has conclusively proved that more people come to

Manhattan from Brooklyn every day than go from Manhattan to Brooklyn, and that people actually do blow in pennies for slot machine chewing gum, which is certainly going some for a year and a half of consistent labor."

"RACE SUICIDE STILL FAR OFF."

"I HAVE been somewhat alarmed," said the laundryman, "by the prophecy of Prof. Wilcox that folks will have no more children by 2068."

"The professor," explained the man who was getting his package, "bases his prophecy upon mathematics. You can prove almost anything if you are wise to the curves of arithmetic and algebra. Our learned professor assumes that matrimony is going to cease to be a process of multiplication because it is growing more expensive and troublesome to raise children."

"But there will be a whole lot doing in the next 150 years. Science is taking a hand in everything. Maybe they will discover a way to make children earn

their own living from the time they are one year old. Fifty years ago nobody had an idea that chickens could be hatched in a hot stove. Now—

"You don't mean to say that babies interrupted the laundryman."

"Certainly not," replied the man who was getting his package. "I was talking about science as applied to poultry. Consequently, as I said before, it may be that in 2068 there will be signs of apartment-houses in the suburbs of New York City, up around the foothills of the Adirondack Mountains, readings 'Apartment-houses to let to families with no parents.'"

"THE JOYS OF NOT BEING UNDERSTOOD."

"I SEE," said the laundryman, "that there is a company of players putting on a Broadway show now in which all the dialogue is in Sicilian that nobody in the audience below the gallery floor can understand."

"Take it from me," declared the man who was getting his package, "that when it comes to speaking a language that nobody can understand these Sicilian troupers have nothing on a great many of our reading artists who are supposed to get English over the footlights."

## The Story of the Operas

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 4.—STRAUSS'S "SALOME."

ON the grand terrace of the Tetrarch, Herod's palace, one moonlight night a crowd of soldiers stood peering through the open windows of the banquet hall. Within, Herod held high carouse. At his side sat Herodias, whom he had married in defiance to law, after divorcing her from his brother Philip. Narraboth, the young captain of the guards, had joined the knot of onlookers on the terrace. But of all the revelers he had eyes only for the Princess Salome, daughter of Herodias. From an open cistern in the terrace's center rose the voice of a captive, raised in solemn denunciation. The prisoner in the cistern was John the Baptist, incarcerated there by Herod for daring to preach against the Tetrarch's marriage to Herodias.

Salome, leaving the heat and clamor of the banquet hall, came out upon the terrace. As she stood there, gazing at the moon, and unmindful of Narraboth's ardent admiration, the wailing voice of John rose again from the cistern. At the sound the girl started.

"Who was it that cried out?" she demanded.

"The prophet, John, Princess," replied an officer.

"Bring him here," she commanded. "I would speak with him."

The soldiers refused. Such an act would be against Herod's positive orders. But Narraboth, at last, overcome by the Princess's alluring appeals, consented. The prophet, an unkempt, bearded man, clad in the skins of wild beasts, was led forth. Paying no heed to the beautiful girl before him, John burst into inspired warnings against Herod's vile court. Salome was strangely moved by his rugged form, his mystic eyes, his weird speech. She drew closer to him. Despite Narraboth's frantic pleas, she could not turn away.

For the first time in her wild young life she loved. She loved this disheveled, threatening man of God. Boldly she made known to him her infatuation and raised her lips to kiss his stern mouth. The prophet repulsed her in horror, calling down upon her and her mother divine vengeance for their sins. Still she pleaded for the kiss she craved. Narraboth, insane with jealousy, stabbed himself to the heart. The girl did not even notice the young captain's suicide, but continued her appeal until John in loathing turned from her and went back to his cistern cell, leaving the girl dazed, baffled, mad with rage at his contempt.

Herod broke in on her mad reflections. Missing Salome in the banquet hall, the Tetrarch staggered drunkenly forth to learn why she had left the feast. With him came Herodias and a throng of courtiers. The Tetrarch was ill at ease. To him the moonlight night seemed full of omens. To banish his depression he called upon Salome to dance for him. She refused. With tipsy eagerness Herod repeated the request, promising her in payment any reward she might ask. Struck by a new idea, Salome consented, first making the Tetrarch swear to keep his promise. In spite of her mother's angry objections the girl called for her slaves to bring perfumes and seven veils and to prepare her for the dance. The musicians broke into a barbaric melody. The girl, posturing, swaying, flying on feet that scarce seemed to touch ground, began the Dance of the Seven Veils. As the music died away she glanced fearfully at the cistern; then prostrated herself before the wildly applauding Herod.

"I demand as my reward," she panted, "the head of John the Baptist, on a silver charger."

In vain Herod, terrified, begged her to ask something else. He explained that John was a holy man and a servant of the God of Israel. But Salome was deaf. After offering her in vain the chiefest of his treasures as a substitute, Herod reluctantly gave his executioner the order for John's death. Out of the cistern mouth was thrust a huge black arm, bearing a silver dish on which lay the Prophet's head. Salome flew to the cistern, clasped the head in her arms and whispered into its dead ear soft love words. As the courtiers looked on, in horror, she at last placed her lips to those of the slain Prophet in a long, despairing kiss.

With a scream of terror, Herod sprang from his seat, shrieking to his guards:

"Kill that woman!"

The soldiers, rushing forward at their master's cry, crushed Salome to death beneath their shields.

Missing numbers of this series will be supplied upon application to Circulation Department, Evening World, upon receipt of one-cent stamp for each number.

## Panhandle Pote Takes a Lucky Snooze. By Geo. McManus.

